A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, *with others.*

Theseus.

NOw faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apace: fower happy daies bring in
An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how slow
This old Moone waues: she lingers my desires,
Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.
Hip. Fower daies will quickly steepe themselues in night:
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bowe,
Now bent in heauen, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Goe *Philostrate*,
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy foorth to funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hyppolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.
Enter Egeus *and his daughter* Hermia, *and* Lysander
and Helena, *and* Demetrius.
Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned duke.
The. Thankes good *Egeus*. What's the ne[ws] [with] thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with com[plaint]